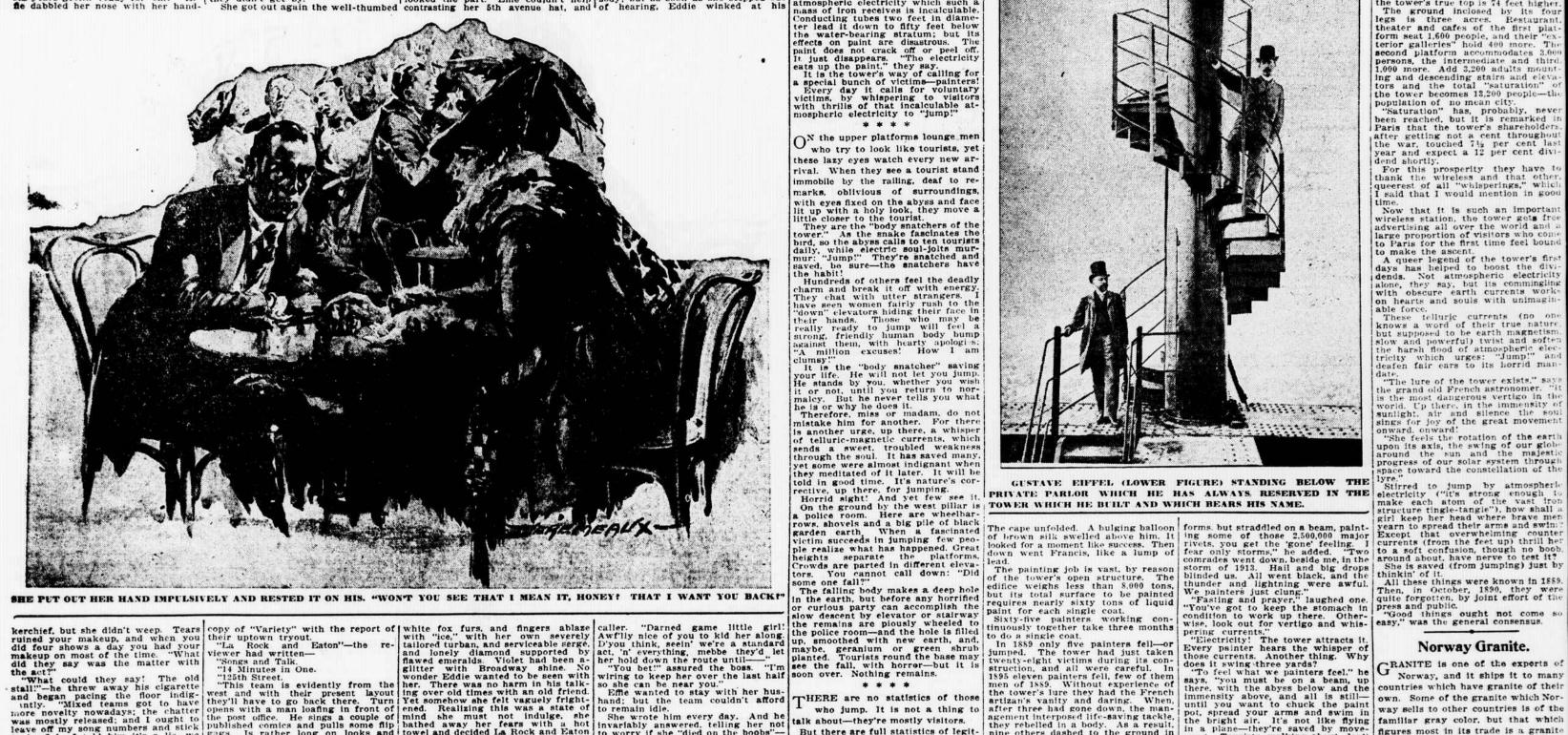
## Framed for Broadway

Illustrations by Irma Deremeaux

A Tale of the Vaudeville World-Humor, Action and a Surmounting Love.

ID you get the booking, Eddie?" Effic Eaton looked up questioningly at the debonair thespian who entered the footworn portals of room fil. Her words were carefully casual, but the glance was full of in which he was still her lover. Effication footing?" scoffed Eddie La Rock, with a ffected nonchalance. "Booking?" scoffed Eddie La Rock, with a fected nonchalance. "Booking?" scoffed Eddie Control on the man," demanded Effication footing that a fected nonchalance control in which he was selected to "dressing the act;" these were nothing. But their new disappent of the sticks. And Effic knew that, and of dislikulonment in her New York and thrice had been turned back to the sticks. And Effic knew that, and any of the eastern time at all?" "Not any of the eastern time at all?" "Not any a stall?" informed Eddie bitterly. "He said the bookers thought we wasn't ready for the big leagues" "Why, Eddie La Rock, we've spentise year." "Why, Eddie La Rock, we've spentise years gettin ready for 'em." Effication for the setting and the dabbled her nose with her hand-label to complete the minimum toll of the most dangerous planting job in the world. That the riot broke in the foot want to talk? "Why, Eddie La Rock, we've spentise is provided to the mode of a way with women that would be with an angel in the world. The painting job in the world. The world world in the lot were yet x "Why, year. All paris is interested, because on its paint the tower every six "why, the angel of a napple that owe a tensor on the foot on the world. The painting job in the world. The world world in the lot world the feather of the mind world efficiency. The painting job in the world. The world world in the lot were yet x yet in the doubt and the painting job in the world. The world world in the feather of the mind world efficiency. The painting job in the world. The world world in the foot on the world world. The mother of the m



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Tip of Tower.

PARIS, October 6.

PAINTER fell from the Eiffel

Tower. When his body struck

the ground it sunk five feet

into a flower bed. Four more nen should fall to complete the mini-

"The Pyramids are beautiful in their ruins."

It did not gleam sun color long. According to Camille Flammarion, the atmospheric electricity which such a mass of iron receives is incalculable. Conducting tubes two feet in diameter lead it down to fifty feet below the water-bearing stratum; but its effects on paint are disastrous. The paint does not crack off or peel off. It just disappears. "The electricity eats up the paint." they say. It is the tower's way of calling for a special bunch of victims—painters! Every day it calls for voluntary victims, by whispering to visitors with thrills of that incalculable atmospheric electricity to "jump!"

ON the upper platforms lounge men who try to look like tourists, yet these lazy eyes watch every new arrival. When they see a tourist stand mmobile by the railing, deaf to remarks, oblivious of surroundings,

immobile by the railing, dear to remarks, oblivious of surroundings, with eyes fixed on the abyss and face lit up with a holy look, they move a little closer to the tourist.

They are the "body snatchers of the tower." As the snake fascinates the hird, so the abyss calls to ten tourists daily, while electric soul-jolts murmur: "Jump!" They're snatched and saved, be sure—the snatchers have the habit!

Hundreds of others feel the deadly charm and break it off with energy. They chat with utter strangers. I have seen women fairly rush to the "down" clevators hiding their face in their hands. Those who may be really ready to jump will feel a strong, friendly human body bump against them, with hearty apologies." A million excuses! How I am clumsy."

It is the "body snatcher" saving your life. He will not let you jump. He stands by you, whether you wish it or not, until you return to normalcy. But he never tells you what he is or why he does it.

Therefore, miss or madam, do not mistake him for another. For there is another urge, up there, a whisper of telluric-magnetic currents, which sends a sweet, troubled weakness through the soul. It has saved many.

pot, spread your arms and swim in the bright air. It's not like flying in a plane—they're saved by move-ment. Tourists, walking about, don't always feet it. You must be a painter, in that open ironwork (it sticks into the sky!), to feel it draw electric juice." juice."
"What about the wireless oper-

"What about the wireless operators?"
"They know nothing. They live in a house, up there, amid stuffed chairs and sofas, furniture and wooden walls, and can't see out."

M. Gustave Eiffel, the engineer who M. Gustave Einel, the engineer who built the tower, still lives—a veteran great man of France. His tower rendered such services during the war that all talk about its ugliness and dangers is forgotten.

Monsieur Einel almost lives, away

Unwillingly Eddie's eyes met hers.

"Do I want to come?" cried the prodigal fervently. "I'd go through

up there. He has always kept a private parlor up there, reached by a "reserved elevator," and in it he received, the other day, a distinguished visiting delegation of American engineering section. gineering societies.
"The height gives me no qualms," places.

C TERLING HEILIG Tells of "Unprecedented Forces of Atmospheric Electricity"-One of the Greatest Painting Jobs in the World-The Lure of Tower's Height-The Urge to Jump-Whispering Currents and High Winds-Builder Maintains Home at

EIFFEL TOWER TAKES BIG TOLL IN DEATH

EACH YEAR FROM PAINTERS AND VISITORS

he told them. "I have slept up here through bombing Gotha raids in the late war. I have sat, here reading poetry in the midst of terrific storms when the tower was 'touched' once a minute and the shaft was swinging four yards in the hurricane."

The distinguished American engineers, come to pay tribute of honor to what is still the greatest job of its kind in the world, agreed with M. Eiffel that there is nothing tangible in the "whisperings"—I think we could all agree to the word—but that the tower "sticks high into the sky, for sure!" Several of them took good care not to hang their heads over the edge. And none were asked to climb the spiral stairs to the tip-top, where M. Eiffel plays tag.

\* \* \* \* \* NIAGARA Falls are high. They could fall from the tower's first platform. The loftiest masonry constructions in the world-American skyscrapers-could not reach even the intermediate platform, halfway

the intermediate platform, halfway up the shaft, 647 feet from the ground. The third platform (like the brim of a hat) is 911 feet high. Niagara, with a suspension bridge 100 feet above it, could fall between it and the top of our highest sky-scraper, leaving space to spare. And the tower's true top is 74 feet higher. The ground inclosed by its four legs is three acres. Restaurant, theater and cafes of the first platform seat 1,600 people, and their "exterior galleries" hold 400 more. The second platform accommodates 3,000 persons, the intermediate and third 1,000 more. Add 3,200 adults mounting and descending stairs and elevators and the total "saturation" of the tower becomes 13,200 people—the population of no mean city.

"Saturation" has, probably, never been reached, but it is remarked in Paris that the tower's shareholders, after getting not a cent throughout the war, touched 7½ per cent last year and expect a 12 per cent dividend shortly.

For this prosperity they have to

dend shortly.

For this prosperity they have to thank the wireless and that other queerest of all "whisperings," which I said that I would mention in good Now that it is such an importar

Now that it is such an important wireless station, the tower gets free advertising all over the world and a large proportion of visitors who come to Paris for the first time feel bound to make the ascent.

A queer legend of the tower's first days has helped to boost the dividends. Not atmospheric electricity alone, they say, but its commingling with obscure earth currents works on hearts and souls with unimaginable force.

These telluric currents (no one knows a word of their true nature, but supposed to be earth magnetism, slow and powerful) twist and soften the harsh flood of atmospheric electricity which urges: "Jump!" and deafen fair ears to its horrid mandate.

"The lure of the tower exists," says the grand old French astronomer. "it

"The lure of the tower exists." says the grand old French astronomet. "it is the most dangerous vertigo in the world. Up there, in the immensity of sunlight, air and silence the soul sings for joy of the great movement onward, onward. "She feels the rotation of the earth upon its axis, the swing of our globaround the sun and the majestic progress of our solar system through space toward the constellation of the lyre."

Stirred to jump by atmospheric electricity ("it's strong enough to

figures most in its trade is a granite which is found nowhere else. It is durable and it is beautiful and unique

granite" from the Larvik district. With its beautiful appearance and wonderful play of colors, it is the Norwegian stone that has attracted most attention as an ornamental stone, and it has been extensively stone, and it has been extensively used for that purpose not only in Norway, but also throughout Europe. The proper name of this syentic rock is augite-syenite or larvikite, but commercially it is called "Labrador or commercially it is called "Labrador or Royal Biue." When polished it has a most beautiful appearance, with large feldspar shimmering in every shade of blue. The rock has not a very well developed cleavage, which renders quarrying somewhat difficult, but it is nevertheless quarried in large quantities and at various

"Quit givin' me the gloomy stare, Ef." he guyed her, in the wings Unwillingly Eddie's eyes met hers. His lips parted in a sickly smile. Then his head went down in his hands. "My God, Ef," he sobbed, "you don't mean you'd take me back after all this time I been treatin' you like a dirty hound:"

"Don't, honey!" she bent over him. "There's people in the next booth."

"Can't help it," he wept. "I been such a jealous dog! And here you are actin' like nothing's happened. But I ain't worth it.

"Quit givin' me the gloomy stare, "Quit givin' me the gloomy stare, actin' me the gloomy stare, "Quit givin' me the gloomy stare, actin' me the gloomy stare, "Quit givin' me the gloomy stare, actin' me the gloom stare, actin' me the gloomy stare, actin' me the gloom' stare, actin' me the gloom's actin' me actin' me soble. The bouse was tensely quiet as Eddie made his exit. Effe gave actin' me solution.

smile froze on his lips.

"Ef!"—he took a hasty step backward. "What the devil are you doing here?"

"Sit down. Eddie." she said quietly. "Mebbe that's what I was goin' to ask you, what are you doin' here?"

"Well, go on, ask me. Though it actin' like nothing's happened. But I ain't worth it.

"I joined with Vi'let 'cause I was sore on the hit you made—and then we had a rickus—and now—I'm a common bum. I'd just queer your stuff. Go on away and iemme be."

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"What I'm worryin' about, Ed, is this: Do you want to come back in the act?" I was I then Eddie's clatter mat went down and the orchestra picked him up.
At first the audience was cold; but when they found he wasn't faking or stalling to a song, they were with him. And he showed them everything—from "Sunrise on the Levee" down through "Black Annie" and "Bumbershay."

His collar was limp and beads stood out on his makeup; but he had not labored in vain. A solid hand